your tongue.
Your ſelfe to ſtaine the honour of your wife,
Nobly diſcended, thoſe whom men call mad
Endanger others; but hee's more then mad
That wounds himſelfe, whoſe owne wordes do proclaim
Scandalls vniuſt, to ſoile his better name: (claym
It is not fit I pray forſake it.

2 *Gen.* Good ſir, let modeſtie reproue you.

3. *Gen.* Let honeſt kindnes ſway ſo much with you,

Hu. God den, I thanke you ſir, how do you, adeiue,
Ime glad to ſee you, farewel Inſtructions, Admoniti-
ons. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a ſeruant.

Hu. How now ſirra what wud you,

Ser. Only to certifie you ſir, that my miſtris was met by the way, by thē who were ſent for her vp to Londō by her honorable vnkle, your worſhips late gardian.

Huſ. So ſir, then ſhe is gon and ſo may you be:
But let her looke that the thing be done ſhe wots of:
or hel wil ſtand more pleaſāt thē her houſe at home.

Enter a Gentle man.

Gen. Well or ill met I care not.

Hus. No nor I.

Gen. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hu. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then: let it not
moue me, for if thou chidſt me angry I ſhall ſtrike.

Gen. Strike thine owne follie, for it is they
Deſerue to be wel beaten, we are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I? thou'rt fond & peeuiſh,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and Credit

Lie

Lie now both ſick of a conſumption
I am ſorry for thee: that man ſpends with ſhame
That with his ritches does conſume his name:
And ſuch art thou.

Huſ. Peace.

Gent. No thou ſhalt heare me further:
Thy fathers and forefathers worthy honors,
Which were our country monuments: our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface:
The ſpring time of thy youth did fairely promiſe
ſuch a moſt fruitfull ſummer to thy friends
It ſcarce can enter into mens beliefes,
Such dearth ſhould hang on thee, wee that ſee it,
Are ſorry to beleeue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places wil be hurld:
thou and the deuill has deceaued the world.

Huſ. Ile not indure thee.

Gent. but of all the worſt:
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied
Thou haſt proclaimed a ſtrumpet.

Huſ. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her champion thou, her priuat friend,
The partie you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought.
I am paſt my patient bloode, ſhall I ſtand idle
and ſee my reputation toucht to death.

Hu. Ta's galde you this, has it.

Gent. No monſter, I will proue
My thoughts did only tend to vertuous loue,
Loue of her vertues? there it goes:

 Gent